THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Literary Miscellany.

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For the Evening Fire-side.

THE FIRE-SIDE TALKER: NO. I.

Studium immane loquendi.—OVID.

I wish, said my brother JONATHAN, as e laid down the Evening Fire-side after an ttentive perusal—I wish some of our wri- ers would undertake to correct the judg- ent, and improve the taste of the younger ass of our citizens, with respect to literary urſuits. There is a sentiment daily gain- g ground among our youthful literati, hich not only endangers the existence of al literary refinement, but also threatens orality, and tends to check the efforts of dustry. I see numbers of our young men, d my brother, (growing warm upon the bject) who appropriate a portion of their es, and the most precious portion too, the ostensible purpose of acquiring such owledge as will qualify them for the ex- ise of the learned professions; and yet e wisdom and beauties of their ancestors science are openly scouted, and the study them entirely neglected. Not only a at many professional students, said he, numbers of others who pretend to ac- irements in polite literature, have fallen o a habit of condemning the study of the ient classics; and content themselves h a superficial glance upon a few modern hors, merely for the sake, it would m, of being supplied with a parcel of apt otations to retail upon occasion. They pose, brother, said I, that the beauties the ancients have been transfused into language by translators; and therefore, they have no occasion to examine originals. Suppose a fiddlestick! said brother, rising from his seat, and walk- briskly across the floor, what grounds e they for such a supposition? Do they know that the beauties of one language as different from those of another, as several idioms? No, said he, moder- g his pace, they do not know it, poor creatures, for a very substantial reason:— They can form no idea of the advantages resulting from a classical knowledge, and therefore conclude it possesses none; when the fact is, that nothing tends so much to enlarge the mind, as an acquaintance with those languages which have been made the mediums for conveying noble thoughts and sublime sentiments to the world. A man, said my brother, with a degree of enthu- siasm, a man who can think and converse in several polished languages, is a kind of distinct being in every one of them. He multiplies his existence, in a manner (since "thinking is a mode of existence,") as often as he adds the knowledge of a new lan- guage to his former acquisitions. Our young men, said he, I am sorry to observe, when they commence the study of a learn- ed profession, content themselves too gene- rally with a little desultory reading; and numbers of them spend a great deal of their precious time in jovial companies, and par- ties of pleasure. They no doubt conclude that it is so much gained, to have neglected the study of the languages; and imagine that they may spend that portion of time in recreation, which was formerly appropri- ated to the acquisition of classical literature. Lamentable error! said my brother, mak- ing a pause in his ambulations:—as if, said he, every day's discoveries in science did not increase the necessity for diligence in study! If they can find so much time to spare from application to modern learning, why not devote a portion of it to the study of the ancients? It would not only induce studious habits, and enlarge their minds, but also prevent a great deal of immorality and pernicious vanity. There is my friend ALETHES, said he, of *Composory Farm*, who, while he was acquiring a professional education, employed his leisure hours in the study of the classics, and is a worthy model for those in similar circumstances. He was not only enabled thereby to under- stand the main object of his enquiries more completely, but at the same time adorned his mind with those beauties which are pe- culiar to the ancients. It would afford me a great pleasure, said my brother, resuming his seat after a few turns over the floor— to see the course which my friend pursued, imitated by that portion of the rising gene- ration, who devote their best days to the acquisition of learning.

Social-Hall, April 26th, 1806.

For the Evening Fire-side.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES.—*Letter Fifth.*

To R——— Z———.

How true it is that trifles show,
The breast where softer feelings glow,
Where Pity loves to dwell;
Or where inhuman passions keep,
Their "secret court,"* or madd'ning sweep,
O'er virtue's tranquil cell.

The other morn I heedless stray'd,
To seek the well-known woodland shade,
Where oft I careless rove;
Where bubbling streamlets winding play,
And warbling songsters wake the lay,
That echoes through the grove.

A Robin from his airy nest,
From his fond parent's sheltering breast,
Fell prostrate to the ground;
The little nestling mourn'd in vain,
And as he sought the tree to gain,
Fell back with harsh rebound.

A rustic nymph with pity view'd,
The victim of misfortune rude,
And flew to yield her aid;
Plac'd him upon his native spray,
And bade him ne'er again to stray,
From his paternal shade.

Ah would but man her path pursue,
To virtue's dictates only true,
Nor deaf to pity's tale!
How bless'd would be the free-born slave,
Beyond the vast Atlantic wave,
Amid his native vale.

On rapid Gambia's happy shore,
Where Nature opes her smiling store,
How would his heart expand;

* Darwin.

Not doom'd to plow the foaming surge,
To bear a haughty tyrant's scourge,
And till a foreign land.

Now far from all his heart holds dear,
He sheds in vain the bitter tear,
And mingles grief with toil;
While lordly despots urge their power,
Nor heed Despair's descending shower,
That trickles on the soil.

His bosom heaves th' indignant sigh,
Resentment lightens from his eye,
But still he toils in pain:—
Though now no more on Afric's coast,
He pants t' avenge his tyrant boast,
And burst the servile chain.

He counts each hour with restless heart,
And sees day's ling'ring beams depart,
In hopes to-morrow's sun—
Will see him from his fetters freed,
Will see his haughty master bleed,
The work of vengeance done.

Poor wretch! 'tis only death's dread stroke
Can free thee from the galling yoke,
And waft thee o'er the main;
To meet once more thy wife thy friends,
Where no dread tyrant's whip impends,
Remote from fear and pain.

Yet these same men who trade in blood,
Who plough old Neptune's boundless flood,
To plunder Afric's shore;
Are those who bow at freedom's shrine,
And while their slaves at fate repine,
Her goddess like adore.

The time will come—nor far the day,
When Liberty's all-piercing ray
Shall light the Negro's soul;
And while surrounding nations gaze,
Destruction's all-consuming blaze,
Shall flash from pole to pole.

Where e'er beneath ignoble chains
A *human* form, though black remains,
Their ruin shall be seen;
Shall sieze and wield the bloody scourge,
Shall all the land of tyrant's purge,
And stain th' ensanguin'd green.

May we dear Dick, from southern climes,
Where petty tyrants load with crimes
The inoffensive soil;
Remain contented where we are,
And pore o'er Mavor, Locke or Parr,
Or philosophic Boyle:

For doubtless in pursuits like these,
'Tis better taste and sense to please,
Than lord it over slaves;
A sweet repose at home to find,
In yielding to the hungry mind,
The sustenance it craves.

LYRICUS.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

To effect an alteration of adopted opinions, is frequently an arduous task, however tottering the basis on which they rest. Many persons, if once known to have adopted an opinion, though afterwards convinced of its fallacy, still adhere to it for fear of the imputation of versatility. But this principle will never affect the unbiassed researcher after truth, who is neither swayed by interest nor awed by authority. I know that we are indebted to the Greeks and Romans for many valuable inventions and improvements, both in the arts and sciences; and while their particular languages were the only avenues to their knowledge, it became necessary for those who would avail themselves of it, first to understand their respective tongues. But the face of affairs has now changed. In vain is urged the necessity of studying those languages to become acquainted with the wisdom and beauty of the ancients. Their *useful* knowledge is now communicated to us in a plain, intelligent, and cheap manner; instead of throwing away three or four years to acquire a parcel of words merely for the sake of expressing a substance or an idea under different names. It cannot be doubted that those who have given us translations of these languages, were better qualified to understand them, than the generality of those who now attempt this study. How few of our modern scholars, even of those who make a regular study of the Greek and Latin, would be able to do justice to a translation! It is generally professors of those languages, who have made them their principal study for years, and are daily conversant in them, who attempt to give a translation. It is therefore plain that the more accurate knowledge of the works of antiquity is to be had from translations. But the principal objection urged against translations, is the impossibility of retaining the *beauty* of the original. This is an inconsiderate objection. It has been disputed between judges of style, whether the ancient or modern languages were more peculiarly beautiful. But certain it is, that the beauty of a language consists in the peculiar idiom or manner of speaking it. This then obviates the objection, since the peculiar phraseology of the dead languages is lost: each one considers them agreeably to the idiom of his own language. It would be impossible for an Englishman and a Frenchman to understand each other, though both spoke the Greek or Latin; and yet each would pretend to the beauty of the original.

Were it possible for a Grecian or a Roman to appear and speak his language in its native purity, he would be considered as a new species of being, speaking some outlandish or unknown tongue. Should the French language sink into disuse for one or two thousand years, or till its peculiar idiom was lost, and then start up one who spoke it in its native purity, how little would he be understood! Where would be that peculiar characteristic for which the French language is at this day so much extolled? Let its peculiar articulation be once lost and it would be a jargon of discordant sounds, which, nothing but a blind veneration for it could reconcile to the ear. The declension of studying those languages has been said to have an immoral tendency, by lessening the modes of employment, and thereby creating idleness. But we know, the active enterprising mind does not dwindle into sloth and supineness if deprived of one source of employment; but on the contrary, more ardently pursues another of which it is possessed. Admitting the force of classical study as a source of employment, it is still better to be idle than active in the pursuit of vice. A little reflection will show that the study of the Classics instead of *moral* has an *immoral* tendency. The licentiousness and fiction of the Poets, whose works are a series of shocking vices, and indelicate amours, both of gods and men of rapes, frauds, murders, &c. throughout, lessen the veneration for the true God and corrupt religion by instilling the most atrocious vices into the unwary. Another argument equally untrue, is, that we cannot obtain a knowledge of the grammatical structure of our own language, without an acquaintance with the Classics. If any one will consider the vast difference there is between the grammatical structure of our own language, and that of the Greek and Latin, he will be convinced of the futility of the objection. So far is an acquaintance with the Greek and Latin grammars from affording a knowledge of the English, that he must be an ingenious person to reconcile them together.

Further, derivatives from those languages do not always retain their original meaning when used by the moderns. It would make perfect nonsense of many phrases now used in the English language, a part of whose words are derived from different sources, if they were to retain their original meaning. Besides, a man would never become acquainted with the English language, though he had acquired a knowledge of all the different tongues whence words for it have been derived. He would have to become acquainted with the Celtic, Saxon, German, Italian, French, Dutch, &c. before he could

understand his own; as far the greater part of our derivatives are obtained from these sources. As there is not sufficient room in an essay of this kind to give a detail of all the arguments advanced in favour of the Classics, and to investigate their several claims to justice, I shall close the present essay here, and consider some of the others at another time.

PROBE.

For the Evening Fire-side.

Messrs. Editors,

Sincerely commiserating the hapless fate of our "*licensed*" champion, I cannot be contented without appeasing his splenetic ghost, by singing a mournful ditty on his fall. And previous to proceeding, I would advise the reader to sit half an hour in the most gloomy silence, in order to prepare him to do justice to the occasion, and then hitching to his *chin* a weight of about ten pounds, proceed to read it with due solemnity, in order to give it "th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands."

"*How are the mighty fallen!*"

O thou, whom poets call Melpomene,
Who hast inspir'd, the dear knows how many
In ancient times to sing *O Dear O's*,*
On hapless fates of fallen heroes;
From thee, sad muse of sighs and sorrow,
I come a little aid to borrow;
And humbly sue for inspiration,
To sing a doleful lamentation.
Aid me to fill the "mellow horn" full
Of sounds, *lugubrae*, sad and mournful;
Let every couplet as I pen it,
Contain such dismal dolour in it,
That hearts of stones shall softly languish,
And brick-bats melt with fervent anguish,
And puplings whine, and bull-dogs yelp out,
And kittens caterwaul to help out,
And boding screech-owls hoot ah wel-a-day!
And gutters gurgle mournful melody.
But O! what form of verse can tell,
The luckless fate that late befel
That "*licens'd*" champion of the nine,
Who erst in numbers wond'rous fine,
"To bards of each denomination,"
Communicated th' information,
He came with ample pow'rs invested
To recognize whate'er the rest did!
'Tis not my business to say,
Had he such orders,—yea or nay,
But if he really possessed them,
He most unhappily transgress'd them;
For as he did not understand 'em
He threw dread satire's shafts "*at random*"
And fancied he could work such dire harms,
By force of fell Parnassian fire-arms,
That all the ranting rhyming "rabble"
With all their wit would not be able
T' withstand a chap of such a stout head
But would be ruinously routed!
But disappointments often happen
The brightest prospects to fall slap on,—
This TANTERABOGUS found was verity,
And much regretted his temerity—
For one of these, his "*random blows*"
Struck CALEB slap upon the nose;
And so arous'd his indignation,
(Which other bards if *careful* may shun)
That snatching "doggerell's rudest club" up,
He made a most tremendous hubbub,
And scar'd the simple chap so sadly,
And beat and batter'd him so badly,
That the disastrous consequence is,
It drove him quite beside his senses:
Forthwith he sigh'd and mourn'd and mutter'd
And such *incongruous* language utter'd*
That those who present were and heard him
Have all with one accord declar'd him
As destitute of reason quite,
As e'er was madest bedlamite:—
Intense chagrin came quickly on him
And wrought such dire effects upon him
That his stupendous weight of grief,
Defied all prospect of relief;
But sore repenting of his folly
He breath'd his last in "*melancholy!*"

CALEB THISTLE.

April 30.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

Your Correspondent CLIO has displayed some ingenuity in the arrangement of his *sensorial* and *reflective* ideas. But I must confess myself at a loss to discover his object, or what point his arguments tend to. If he intended to prove that all our ideas are received through the medium of the senses, he has in my opinion, fallen very far short of his design.—His preliminary observations, considered abstractedly, I have no objections to. But if he means to insinuate that LOGICUS is influenced by *prejudice*, I would beg leave to offer a few remarks, before I quietly submit to the imputation. *Prejudice*, if I understand the word, signifies a prepossession in favour of any doctrine or opinion, to the exclusion of an impartial consideration of it, or in other words, a refusal to give an impartial hearing to any arguments which may be advanced in opposition to an opinion which has been imbibed. Now if he apprehends the writer of this essay to be influenced by prejudice, I cannot assent to his opinion; though I must confess myself perfectly satisfied with the position I advanced in my first; yet it cannot fairly be inferred from thence, that I am prejudiced in favour of it; for if he can form a connection of *syagistical reasonings*, which will convince me of my *train of errors*, and shew me belief which will convey a greater degree of rational satisfaction to the mind, I am ready to embrace it. If he can make it obvious to my understanding that any material disadvantage would arise to the best interests of society, from the general prevalence of the opinion I advanced, relative to a GOD and a SAVIOUR, I am ready to recant. And if he can display the superior excellency of his favourite maxim, that all our ideas are acquired through the medium of the senses, I am willing to adopt it. Till then, I shall not consider myself as justly subjected to the imputation of *prejudice*, if I take the liberty of enjoying my present opinion. But in order to convince his readers, I apprehend it will be necessary for him to use some more conclusive arguments than those advanced in the following sentence. "Why may we not receive all our ideas through the medium of the senses, since it must be through their medium, that all our ideas are communicated to the world, or rendered serviceable to ourselves or others."

I cannot conceive, by the slender powers which I possess, why it must necessarily follow because we communicate our ideas to others through the medium of the senses, that *therefore* they cannot be *received* through any other medium; neither can I discover how it comes to pass, that it is through *their medium* alone that our *own* ideas are made serviceable to *ourselves*.—This kind of reasoning is fallacious. No person will hesitate to acknowledge that we communicate our ideas to the world through the medium of the senses, and thereby render them serviceable to others; but the plain question is, whether there are not some original ideas introduced in the mind, which were not the result of any external impressions, or of the combination and association of any ideas which may be produced in consequence of such impressions; which latter constitutes cogitation or *reflection*.

I would appeal to every thinking mind, whether they have not felt an internal impression, a certain principle, which has acted immediately upon the mind, and produced ideas of good or evil, which were not communicated through the medium of either of the external organs of sensation; and whether these impressions have not impelled them to the performance of some action, and when complied with, created a pleasing emotion in the mind, which cannot easily be described—an impression which carries its own evidence, and convinces the understanding without the aid of reason—be-

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* I am happy in the opportunity of introducing this term; for surely (as Mr. Bloomfield expresses it) "that simple, short, pathetic word O Dear!" is vastly more elegant and *tenderly expressive* than all the *elegies*, *eulogies*, *dirges*, &c. that I could mention.

* For proof of this, *vide* his last will and testament: the design, or meaning of some parts of which bids defiance to the most scrutinizing penetration.

cauſe it is beyond the comprehenſion of reaſon, though it never contradicts it. This is a principle which every one poſſeſſes, as a medium through which the will of the Creator is conveyed to the ſoul, in order to acquaint it with the means of its own happineſs. And further it is upon the evidence of this principle that religion is founded & ſupported, and not upon that of reaſon, as your *ingenious* correſpondent gravely aſſerts. I do not wiſh to be tedious to your readers, nor to occupy the place of better company at the *Fire-ſide circle*, I ſhall therefore do my part towards terminating this *Phyſico theological controverſy*, with the cloſe of the preſent eſſay.

LOGICUS.

For the Evening Fire-ſide.

Verſes on the Slavery of the Negroes by J. L.

Calm was the air; ſerene the ſky appear'd,
No clouds were ſeen, nor ruſtling winds were heard;
The ſun declining from his noon-day height,
On the parch'd meadows caſt a fainter light;
The feather'd ſongſters through each echoing grove,
Tun'd their wild notes to all the ſtrains of love.
Methought I ſtray'd, (by meditation led)
Beneath a mountain high with trees o'erſpread;
Join'd to its bottom lay a fertile plain,
Till'd with delight by many a free-born ſwain;
In jocund mirth they paſs'd the hours away,
Each heart was cheerful and each face look'd gay;
Fair Liberty ſat ſmiling o'er the ſcene,
Fair Liberty! of every bliſs the queen.
O happy land! enrich'd with fertile plains,
Where with mild ſway a peaceful monarch reigns;
Where each enjoys the labour of his hand,
And he who ſows may reap in peace the land.
As o'er my mind this pleaſing proſpect paſt,
A riſing cloud th' empyrian vault o'ercaſt;
Firſt with a breeze the trembling branches move,
Next a ſtrong whirlwind ſhakes the bending grove;
Borne on its wings, I mount the liquid air,
And for Barbadoes, ſtraight my courſe I ſteer;
Soon in my view the deſtin'd iſle appear'd,
Where lofty trees their waving ſummits rear'd;
Full on the plain the ſun's meridian pow'r,
Scorch'd every herb, and wither'd every flow'r;
A cool retreat my panting breaſt requir'd
Struck with the heat, and with the voyage tir'd;
Beneath a tree which tow'ring braves the ſky,
Prone on the ground with weary limbs I lie;
Its ſpreading branches form'd a pleaſing ſhade,
And on its leaves the dancing ſunbeams play'd.
With eager eyes the country round I view,
Each proſpect pleaſing and each object new;
But ſoon, alas! the joys they give ſubſide,
And ſudden horrors chill life's ſanguine tide:
Full in my view, a num'rous train appears,
Of wretched exiles bath'd in briny tears!
Forc'd from their country by ſome ruthleſs hand,
And ſold for captives in a foreign land,
Far from the comforts of domeſtic life,
Father from ſon, and huſband torn from wife;
Compell'd to drag oppreſſion's galling chain,
And till the land whilſt others reap the grain:
Expos'd half naked to the ſcorching rays,
Of darting Phoebus in his noontide blaze;
Scarce time allow'd to eat their ſcanty meal,
And each ſmall fault the dreadful ſcourge muſt feel.
Full oft the laſh with purple gore is dyed,
Whilſt down their backs deſcends the crimſon tide;
Woes follow woes, and griefs on griefs ariſe,
In vain the tears ſtand trembling in their eyes;
In vain their ſighs, in vain their tears are ſpent,
Their cruel tyrants know not to relent;
Unnumber'd ſorrows follow cloſe behind,
Thick as the leaves in Autumn's bluſt'ring wind;
Thick as the flow'rs that ſpread th' enamell'd green,
When wanton Flora decks the ſylvan ſcene;
An eaſier labour to recount the grains,
Of driving ſand on parch'd Arabia's plains,
Than to declare the num'rous ills decreed,
By cruel man to Afric's ſable ſeed.
Obdurate hearts! encas'd with harden'd ſteel,
Who this can view, and not compaſſion feel.
O ye, who loſt to every ſcene of woe,
Inflict the tortures that they undergo;
Who can, your hands in human gore imbrue,
And the vile trade for viler gains purſue.
Sure no kind mother claſp'd you to her breaſt,
Sure by no father have you been careſs'd:
But ah! methinks the dreadful day draws nigh,
When God himſelf will every action try;
At whoſe tribunal bribes will naught avail,
Where hoodwink'd juſtice lifts th' impartial ſcale;
Methinks on high the vengeful ſword I ſee,
Edg'd with deſtruction ready to go free,—
Unleſs repentance to each crime ſucceeds,
Unleſs repentance for your guilty deeds:
Her olive-branch aloft in air ſhe rears,
And dire ambition from her empire tears:
Pale diſcord trembling at th' unwelcome ſight,
Sinks with wild-horror in eternal night!
Her creſted ſnakes black envy lifts in vain,
Faſt bound in darkneſs with a ten-fold chain;
On Gambia's banks, I ſee new towns ariſe,
Whoſe curling ſmoke invades the azure ſkies!
And Whidas cities from their aſhes ſpring,
Laid low in ruin by their cruel king:
Aſtoniſh'd earth beholds with glad ſurprize,
And bids new crops from every valley riſe;
With waving corn bedecks th' enſanguin'd plain,
And heavy harveſts nod above the ſlain,

O glorious day! O day of peace! ariſe,
And with new ſplendour glad my longing eyes!
Oh Time! which oft ſo quickly glides away,
Methinks thou linger'ſt and defers the day:
Juſt like an arrow from a bow half ſtrung,
Thy flagging pinions ſlowly ſkim along.
O! with new vigour urge thy flying courſe,
And ſtretch each tendon with redoubled force;
That peace may flow like ocean's ſwelling tide,
And ſeas but join the regions they divide.

To the Editors of the Evening Fire-ſide.

"Ecce somniator venit."

As I have not much reliſh for controverſy conſiſting of petulant epithets, I had concluded to take no notice of the eſſay of EVANGELICUS. He evinces ſuch a ſturdy reſolution not to be "*ſilenced*," I thought if I attempted to keep pace with him in *heat* of diſpute, we ſhould ſhortly exhibit a fiſh-market debate to your readers; which I ſuſpect would be as diſagreeable to them, as it certainly would be to me. I therefore quietly yield him the palm, and congratulate his brows upon their acquiſition of the *corona laurea*, ſuch as it is. But as the opinions I have advanced are attacked by another hand, and one who appears to have imbibed a ſenſe of decorum along with the other branches of his education, it may be proper to offer a few additional remarks on the ſubject. It will be in vain for *me* to attempt to prove the poſition I have advanced with reſpect to the ſource of our ideas, if the reaſonings of a LOCKE cannot effect it. I had ſuppoſed that at this day the ſaid opinion, or poſition, was received as a maxim in metaphyſics, by all who were in any manner acquainted with the ſubject.* I am not going to deny the *power* of the Deity to introduce ideas into the mind by other channels than the ſenſes. He is omnipotent. He has the power to make the globe revolve from eaſt to weſt. But I conceive he has given certain laws to the univerſe with which he does not interfere. It is thoſe laws which mortals inveſtigate, and concerning which they are daily making diſcoveries.—It is derogating from the dignity of the Deity to conſider him as the *immediate* cauſe of all mundane phenomena. He is the *cauſa cauſarum*; and in my view much more glorious and adorable when conſidered as the *remote*, or *firſt cauſe*, than as the *immediate* cauſe of effects. All ſecondary cauſes are his *agents*, and not himſelf.

"Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus,
"Inciderit:"

The untutored Indian

"Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

But the Philoſopher refers thoſe appearances to the operation of ſecondary cauſes and not to the immediate interference of the Deity. The human body is conſtructed with ſo much wiſdom and perfection that we are enabled by means of the ſenſes to acquire a correct knowledge of ſurrounding objects; and by *no other* mean. The Deity endowed our bodies with the *capacity* of acquiring ideas, but left the actual acquiſition of them to our own induſtry; hence the great variety in the extent and nature of men's ideas. We come into the world deſtitute of mind; and acquire it by degrees. Since it is acquired, *how* do we acquire it? Certainly through the medium of the ſenſes. I never detected an idea

my own mind, nor could any of my acquaintance ever mention one of theirs, which was not either the product of an external cauſe, or the reſult of aſſociation and induction; or that proceſs which we call thinking, or reflection. If Logicus can relate one of his own ideas which he *did not* acquire by either of thoſe modes, I will readily acknowedge that the maxim does not hold good throughout. As to the ſublime and myſterious ſubject of *Revelation*, I am ſorry to ſee it lugged in as an argument on the preſent occaſion. None of us underſtand it; and we ſhould not undertake to make a weapon of it in controverſy. I pretend to no explanations of this nature; and think with a great and good man, "*ſatis eſt credere.*" My views have, from the firſt, been directed to that branch of metaphyſics which is within man's proper ſphere; and of which the inveſtigation is uſeful as well as practicable; inaſmuch as it deſtroys ſuperſtition, and promotes a rational veneration and love of the Divinity. I could wiſh myopponents had been ſo kind as to have underſtood me right, and ſaved our readers the trouble of peruſing the preſent eſſay of

A Dreamer.

April 25th, 1806.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editors.

There is nothing more common in mixed companies, than detraction. How frequently do we obſerve the faults and errors of a neighbour, or an acquaintance, made the lively ſubject of converſation, even in the ſociety of thoſe who eſteem themſelves men of honor and reputation, and who are conſidered as ſuch by the world. Men who would recoil at the idea of defrauding their neighbours of their juſt due; but do not ſcruple to detract from their characters, and ſully their reputation in ſecret, which is infinitely more precious than wealth: and is that baſely robs a man of his reputation, no leſs criminal than he that inſiduouſly deprives him of his property; for *this* may be replaced, but *that* when once gone can never be recalled.

"He that ſteals my purſe, ſteals trash;
"'Tis ſomething—nothing—'twas mine, 'tis his,
"And has been ſlave to thouſands.
"But he that filches from me my good name,
"Steals that which makes him not the richer,
"And makes me poor indeed."

If this ſimple rule was generally obſerved, "to do to others as you would be done by," the ſpirit of detraction would ſoon ceaſe. It is the bane of ſociety: and a perſon addicted to it, and who is never better pleaſed than when he is deſcanting upon the faults of others, and attributing every little inadvertancy to the blackeſt motive, ſhould be ſhunned by all who value their reputation, as a man infeſted with the plague. For laying aſide the contagion of the vice, be aſſured that though in your preſence he may flatter you for ſuch qualities as you would be aſhamed to avow: yet in the next circle he will advance a very different opinion from what he profeſſed to entertain of you, and aſſign motives to your conduct which you never had. There is nothing more common in circles of the beſt ſociety, in canvaſſing the actions of a perſon, than to introduce ſome parts of his conduct as exceptionable; this in my eſtimation is a ſpecies of detraction, and ought undoubtedly to be diſcountenanced. If we ſee any thing in a friend or a neighbour which we conſider as unjuſtifiable, it is our duty in a private conference to admoniſh him of his error, and when his actions are introduced as the ſubject of converſation, endeavour to bring into view his good qualities, and leave his errors unnoticed.—Then ſhould we be acting the part of a friend, and be freed from the imputation of this odious vice, which ſhould be baniſhed from civilized ſociety, as derogatory to the human character.

Philetus.

For the Evening Fire-side.

In the blithſome ſeaſon of youth, the proſpect is pleaſing; the gloomy clouds of care lower not around us; borne on the buoyant wings of hope, joy attends our way, and health with laviſh hand ſcatters flowers of ſweeteſt fragrance. Let this ſmiling ſeaſon then be employed in ſuch manner as may tend to our future advantage. Let the improvement of our mental faculties, and endeavouring to keep a conſcience void of offence towards God and man, be the principal object of our purſuit. That when the chilling froſt of age overtakes us, we may have no cauſe of regret; no poignant reflection to embitter our latter days; and finally deſcend to the grave in peace.

Preacher.

April 28, 1806.

Selected for the Evening Fire side.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

Benefit of Clergy, a legal phraſe, or technical term, which we often hear, and ſometimes repeat, without underſtanding its preciſe meaning. The dark cloud of barbariſm which ſucceeded the downfall of the Roman empire, having nearly effaced literary purſuits, the attention of the nobility, and the body of the people placed above labour, was wholly abſorbed by military exerciſes and the chace, while the regular and ſecular clergy became, for ages, with ſome exceptions, almoſt the ſole depoſitaries of books, and the learned languages. As it is natural to reſpect what we do not underſtand, the monks turned the advantage to good account, and it gradually became a principle of common law, that no clerk, that is to ſay, a prieſt, ſhould be tried by the civil power.

This privilege was enjoyed and abuſed without reſtriction, till the reign of Henry the ſecond, when the council, or parliament of Clarendon, or the ſenſe of the nation, were provoked by murder, rape, and ſodomy, to ſet bounds to eccleſiaſtic licentiouſneſs, by a ſalutary regulation on this ſubject; but a law ſo neceſſary was evaded by the inſolence of Becket, and the baſe puſillanimity of King John, and his ſucceſſor.

During a period equally diſgraceful to the monarch, and the clergy, a proviſion, artful, becauſe it ſeemed to wear the face of a remedy, was enacted, by which any perſon tried for felony, and found guilty, was pronounced to be exempt from puniſhment, ſi legit ut clericus, if he was able to read as a prieſt. From this fineſſe the monks derived a conſiderable emolument, by teaching priſoners to read, which, however odious or bloody their crimes, reſcued them from the penalty of the laws, and alſo anſwered another important purpoſe, as by theſe means, men of the moſt deſperate characters, were thus rendered humble and obedient tools of the church. This lucrative monopoly remained, till it was provided againſt in the twenty-ſeventh year of the reign of Edward the third: but the noxious weed grew up in the ſhade of ignorance and confuſion, during the bloody conteſts of the houſes of Lancaſter and York, till it received a conſiderable check under Edward the ſixth, when it was determined, that no perſon convicted of manſlaughter, ſhall claim the benefit of clergy, unleſs he is a peer of the realm, or a clerk in prieſt's orders: and by the ninth of James the firſt, it was entirely taken away from thoſe delinquents.

Perſons at all converſant in legal points, or general reading, will, perhaps, ſmile at this article, on a ſubject which they conſider as generally underſtood; but I have

frequently met with perſons, who imagined that the words, without benefit of clergy, implied, that a criminal ſhould have no ſpiritual guide; when no more is meant, than that his being able to read or write, ſhall not, in any manner, exempt him from puniſhment, and that he ſhall not be entitled to any of thoſe privileges, formerly enjoyed by the clergy.

[*The Lounger's Common Place-Book.*]

Stanzas on hearing a Serenade.

Gentle dreams with ſilent pleaſure,
Softly o'er the fancy creep,
Briskly beats each pulſe to meaſure,
While I wake from ſilent ſleep.

Hark! 'tis muſic 'tis enchantment,
Muſic warbles o'er the ſtring;
Gently floating undulations,
Waft it round on balmy wing.

Every nerve obeys the motion,
Sweetly moves the paſſing ſound;
Softly borne on midnight ſilence,
Loves and graces dance around.

Far away the muſic haſtens,
Scarce the fading ſtrains I hear,
Every note like breath of zephyrs,
Gently ſtrikes the liſt'ning ear.

Gentle dreams with ſilent pleaſure,
Softly o'er the fancy creep;
Gently beats each pulſe to meaſure,
Whilſt I wake from downy ſleep.

Account of Meſſina in Sicily.

The approach to Meſſina is the fineſt that can be imagined; it is not ſo grand as that of Naples, but it is much more beautiful. The key is built in the form of a creſcent, and is ſurrounded by a range of magnificent buildings, four ſtories high, and exactly uniform, for the ſpace of an Italian mile. The ſtreet betwixt theſe and the ſea is about an hundred feet wide, and forms one of the moſt delightful walks in the world. It enjoys the freeſt air, and commands the moſt beautiful proſpect: it is only expoſed to the morning ſun, being ſhaded all the reſt of the day by theſe buildings. It is beſides conſtantly refreſhed by the cooling breeze from the Straits; for the current of the water produces likewiſe a current in the air, that renders this one of the cooleſt habitations in Sicily. This beautiful city was almoſt annihilated by the plague in the year 1743, when upwards of 70,000 people are ſaid to have died in it and its diſtrict in the ſpace of a few months.

The harbour of Meſſina is formed by a ſmall promontory or neck of land that runs off from the eaſt end of the city, and ſeparates that beautiful baſon from the reſt of the Straits. The ſhape of this promontory is that of a reaping hook, the curvature of which forms the harbour, and ſecures it from all winds. From the ſtriking reſemblance of its form, the Greeks, who never gave a name that did not either deſcribe the object or expreſs ſome of its moſt remarkable properties, called this place *Zancle*, or the Sickle, and feigned that the ſickle of Saturn fell on this ſpot, and gave it its form; but the Latins, who were not quite ſo fond of fable, changed its name to Meſſina, (from *Meſſis*, a harveſt,) becauſe of the great fertility of its fields. It is certainly one of the ſafeſt harbours in the world after ſhips have got in; but it is likewiſe one of the moſt difficult acceſs.—The celebrated gulph or whirlpool of Charybdis lies near to its entry, and often occaſions ſuch an inteſtine and irregular motion in the water, that the helm loſes moſt of its power, and ſhips have great difficulty to get in, even with the faireſt wind that can blow. This whirlpool is probably formed by the ſmall promontory we have mentioned; which, contracting the Straits in this ſpot, muſt neceſſarily increaſe the velocity of the current; but no doubt other cauſes, of which we are ignorant, concur, for this will by no means account for all the appearances which it has produced. The great noiſe occaſioned by the tumultuous motion of the waters in this place, made the ancients liken it to a voracious ſea-monſter perpetually roaring for its prey; and it has been repreſented by their authors as the moſt tremendous paſſage in the world. Ariſtotle gives a long and a formidable deſcription of it in his 125th chapter De Admirandis. It is deſcribed by Homer, 12th Odyſſey; Virgil, 3d Æneid; Lucretius, Ovid, Salluſt, Seneca, as alſo by many of the old Italian and Sicilian poets, who all ſpeak of it in terms of horror, and repreſent it as an object that inſpired terror, even when looked on at a diſtance. It certainly is not now ſo formidable: and very probably, the violence of this motion, continued for ſo many ages, has by degrees worn ſmooth the rugged rocks, and jutting ſhelves, that may have intercepted and confined the waters. The breadth of the Straits too, in this place, no doubt is conſiderably enlarged. Indeed, from the nature of things it muſt be ſo; the perpetual friction occaſioned by the current muſt wear away the bank on each ſide, and enlarge the bed of the water.

Veſſels in this paſſage are obliged to go as near as poſſible to the coaſt of Calabria, in order to avoid the ſuction occaſioned by the whirling of the waters in this vortex; by which means, when they come to the narroweſt and moſt rapid part of the Straits betwixt Cape Pelorus and Scylla, they were in great danger of being carried upon that rock. Hence aroſe the proverb which is ſtill applied to thoſe, who in attempting to avoid one evil fall into another: "Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens evitare Caribdem." There is a fine fountain of white marble on the key, repreſenting Neptune holding Scylla and Charybdis chained, under the emblematical figures of two ſea-monſters, as repreſented by the poets.

The little neck of land, forming the harbour of Meſſina, is ſtrongly fortified.—The citadel, which is indeed a very fine work, is built on that part which connects it with the main land. The farthermoſt point, which runs out to ſea, is defended by four ſmall forts, which command the entry into the harbour. Betwixt theſe lie the lazaret, and a light-houſe to warn ſailors of their approach to Charybdis, as that other on Cape Pelorus is intended to give them notice of Scylla. It is probably from theſe light-houſes (by the Greeks called *Pharoi*) that the whole of this celebrated Strait has been denominated the Faro of Meſſina.

Biography of Philip Barratier.

Barratier, or Baratier, (Philip) was born at Schwobach, near Nuremburgh, in the margravate of Brandenburgh Anſpach, Jan. 10, 1721. His parents were Francis Baratier, miniſter of the French church of that town, and Anne Charles. At three years of age he was capable of reading correctly. The French was his mother tongue, joined to ſome few words of High Dutch. Inſenſibly, his father began to talk Latin to him; till at laſt his ear being accuſtomed to the inflection and ſound of the Latin words, he began of himſelf to utter them at random. This manner of proceeding, under the ſhew of amuſement, in walking with him either abroad or at home, by the bleſſing of God, ſucceeded ſo well, that in leſs than 12 months, when he was near the end of his fourth year, the Latin became as familiar to him as the French and the High Dutch, and at laſt grew his favourite tongue; though as yet he knew neither grammar, conjugation, declination, nor had ever got a ſyllable by heart. Theſe three languages he conſtantly ſpoke, without mixing or confounding them, talking

French to his mother, Latin to his father, and High Dutch to the ſervant-maid, or the neighbour's children who came to play with him. About the middle of his 5th year, in July, 1725, his father entered young Baratier in the Greek; but by a method ſo imperceptible, and by ſuch an eaſy introduction, that this language gave him as little trouble as the preceding. The means he uſed, were, however, ſo ſucceſsful, that at the end of 15 months the child perfectly underſtood all the Greek hiſtorical books of the Old and New Teſtament, and readily tranſlated them into Latin; his father, by the ſame way, conducted him to the knowledge of the Hebrew. This ſtudy, which he began in October 1726, when he was five years and eight months old, was as little difficult to him as the former. In a year's time he perfectly knew all the books of the Hebrew Code, even without knowing either the Hebrew letters or vowels, and without perplexing himſelf with that confuſion of rules, which makes learning a burthen to youth. Mr. Baratier, perceiving his ſon much delighted with the Hebrew, took care to improve this diſpoſition to the utmoſt advantage. He employed the three following years in cultivating this tongue; at the end of which time, his ſcholar was ſo expert in the Hebrew text, that he not only could at firſt ſight, from a Bible without the points, give the ſenſe of the original in Latin and French; but he could alſo extempore tranſlate the Latin or French verſions into Hebrew, almoſt word for word, or ſubſtitute equivalent expreſſions in the place of any terms he was not yet maſter of. This he performed not only with regard to the hiſtorical books, but even Job, the Pſalms, Proverbs, and Iſaiah, which are known to be the moſt difficult books of the Old Teſtament, and which he tranſlated agreeably to the verſion of Caſtalio, the leaſt literal that we have. In 1728, and the 8th year of his age, he had all the Hebrew Pſalms by heart, though he had taken no other pains to learn them, than frequently reading them to his father. At the ſame time, and by the ſame method, he made himſelf maſter of that collection of Hebrew ſentences, which Henry Opitius has publiſhed under the title of *Biblia parva*, &c. which he read into Hebrew from any given verſion. He alſo wrote with his own hand this collection in the Hebrew characters, ſubſtituting his own Latin verſion inſtead of the inelegant one of Arias Montanus, which appears in the edition of Opitius. He compoſed about the ſame time a dictionary of the moſt rare and difficult Hebrew words, interſperſed here and there with critical remarks and philological obſervations, very curious for one of his years. Theſe two pieces were finiſhed in 1730, when he was between the age of 9 and 10. The firſt contained 304 pages in 8vo. the ſecond about 400 in 4to. Having thus acquired the Hebrew to ſuch a degree, as to compoſe in it himſelf both in proſe and verſe, our young Baratier had the curioſity to read the rabbinical writers, which was encreaſed by his peruſal, at that time, of a great number of authors in philology and the ſacred antiquities. Not contented with the great Bible of rabbi Moſes, ſon of Simeon Francfort, he read all he could lay his hands on, Talmudiſts, commentators, hiſtorians, and even ſuch romances as are wrote in the vulgar characters of the German Jews. This rabbinic ſcene laſted above a year, in 1731 and 1732, till his 12th year. His father, at length, to recall him from ſuch frivolous ſtudies, propoſed to him the compoſition or tranſlation of ſome piece; his father at laſt got him to fix on *The travels of rabbi Benjamin, ſon of Jonas of Tudela*; as the treatiſe was both ſhort and entertaining. He began this undertaking in December 1731, and employing only an hour or two in the day, he finiſhed it in a month. But as his author appeared to him extremely dull, obſcure, and even in ſome places ridiculous, he reſolved to add a few explanatory and critical notes. Theſe inſenſibly ſwelled into diſſertations, which formed a ſecond volume, and ſufficiently diſcovered at that time the ſtrength of his judgment, and his ſkill in oriental learning. This deſign took him up till near the middle of the year 1732.—About this time ended the Hebrew and rabbinical ſtudies of young Mr. Baratier. He had with theſe intermixed the knowledge of the Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic, which he attained ſo far, as to read not only the Scripture, but other writings in thoſe languages; thus he read ſome chapters of the Alcoran, and the Saracen hiſtory of El'-Macin in Arabic. He now applied himſelf to the ſtudy of the Greek fathers, and the councils of the four firſt ages of the church, which ſoon gave him a taſte for eccleſiaſtic antiquity and divinity, and opened to him a vaſt field for reflections, obſervations, and diſſertations, of which ſome have been publiſhed, and the reſt remain in manuſcript. In the middle of theſe occupations two globes fell into his hands, in October 1734. There needed no more to make a powerful diverſion from his former ſtudies. He contemplated theſe globes with ſuch earneſtneſs and pleaſure, that, by the aſſiſtance of a few books that taught their uſe, he could in eight or ten days reſolve all the problems; and had acquired ſuch a clear lively notion of all the ancient and modern ſyſtems of Geography, that he preſently ſet about making new obſervations and diſcoveries in this ſcience. At this time he deviſed his project for the diſcovery of the longitude, which he communicated to the Royal Society at London, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, in January 1735, that is, about three months after the globes firſt fell into his hands. In June, 1731, he was matriculated in the univerſity of Altorf, during the rectorate of M. John James Jantke. At the cloſe of the year 1732, at the meeting of the reformed French and German churches of the circle of Franconia, at Chriſtian Erlang, he was preſented by his father to that venerable aſſembly; who, ſurpriſed at his wonderful talents, admitted him to aſſiſt at their deliberations, though he was not quite eleven years old; and, to preſerve the memory of ſo ſingular an event, they had it regiſtered in the acts of the ſynod. In 1733, at twelve years of age, he made an open confeſſion of his faith in the church, as is done by candidates in divinity. He was examined on this confeſſion, and, after he had defended it, he was by his father admitted to public communion. About this time he inſtructed the catechumens in his father's preſence, and often employed himſelf in compoſing ſermons, diſcourſes, analyſes, and theological tables, in all of which he gave evidences of his good ſenſe, taſte, and learning. In 1734, the laſt year of Mr. Baratier's reſidence at Schwobach, his highneſs the margrave of Brandenburgh Anſpach, graciouſly granted our young ſcholar the privilege of whatever books he wanted from the Anſpach library, together with a penſion of fifty florins, which he enjoyed for three years.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, March 17.—Bonaparte's ſpeeches upon opening the ſeſſion of the Legiſlative body, have always been followed by a more detailed ſtatement, or expoſe, of the external and internal ſituation of affairs. In his late Speech to the Legiſlature, he ſtated that his Minister of the Interior would inform them of the events that have taken place in the courſe of the year. We are anxious for this expoſe, in which perhaps we ſhall find the ſentiments and diſpoſition of the

French Government dwelt upon more fully than in the Speech; it will also perhaps supply some omissions in the Speech. Of the changes that have taken place, or are intended in the German Empire, no mention is made. The speech merely states, that Bonaparte's Allies have increased in power and in consequence; but not a word is said of the particular accessions of territory which each of those allies has received or is to receive, and all direct mention, or even distant allusion to Prussia is carefully avoided. This omission, we may be sure, has not proceeded from forgetfulness. It may fairly therefore be inferred, that he is not perfectly satisfied with the disposition of the Prussian cabinet; and we are by no means inclined to attach implicit credit to those accounts in the German papers, which stated that the affairs of the north of Germany had been definitely arranged, giving at the same time the terms of that arrangement. We see that the French have taken possession of Anspach, and that the Prussians have entered Hanover; but much evidently remained behind. All the objects in dispute or discussion between the two powers were obviously not settled by the convention, in virtue of which France occupied Anspach, and Prussia Hanover, for the last mail brought the information that the negociation was still going on, and that Bonaparte had dispatched his ultimatum to Berlin. The dispatching of an ultimatum seems to show that he has transmitted to Berlin those terms, upon the acceptance or refusal of which war or peace is to depend. In his present negociation with Prussia he seems to have followed a peculiar line and march of policy; he appears not to have put forth all his pretensions and designs at first; he demands the cession of one district, or portion of territory; he occupies that, and then he proposes another cession; and each cession that is made will diminish, he supposes, the ability of the power which has made that cession to refuse its assent to a fresh cession.

In the pursuit of this system towards Prussia, it would seem as if he had met with some obstacle. The last foreign papers said that he had demanded the cession of Cleves to the Archduke Ferdinand. One paper added that Prussia had also been requested to cede Wesel Bonaparte would thus have humiliated Prussia by placing an Austrian Prince almost at her door, and would have deprived her of a place of the greatest strength and importance on the Dutch frontier; we can hardly think that she would consent to cede Wesel.—Some of the last accounts, too, from Hanover, were of an extraordinary nature. The Prussian Governor had been ordered to proceed to Berlin immediately—the Prussian artillery had also been ordered away, and all the Prussian Officers were preparing to depart; it seemed almost as if the country were to be immediately evacuated. All these circumstances make us particularly anxious for the French Expose, and for the next mail. At present we have no materials upon which to frame any precise opinion upon the sentiments and disposition of the two powers towards each other. It seems natural, however, to imagine, that had a good understanding subsisted between them, Bonaparte would not have avoided in his speech, not only all direct mention, but even the most distant allusion to Prussia.

DOMESTIC.

By Authority. *By Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America.*

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas satisfactory information has been received, that Henry Whitby, commanding a British armed vessel called the Leander, did on the twenty-fifth day of the month of April last, within the waters and jurisdiction of the United States, and near to the entrance of the harbour of New-York, by a cannon shot fired from the said vessel the Leander, commit a murder on the body of John Pierce, a citizen of the United States, then pursuing his lawful vocations within the same waters and jurisdiction of the United States and near to their shores; and that the said Henry Whitby cannot at this time be brought to justice by the ordinary process of law.

And whereas it does further appear, that, both before and after the said day, sundry trespasses, wrongs and unlawful interruptions and vexations on trading vessels, coming to the United States, and within their waters and vicinity, were committed by the said armed vessel the Leander, her officers and people; by one other armed vessel called the Cambrian, commanded by John Nairne, her officers and people; and by one other armed vessel called the Driver, commanded by Slingsby Simpson, her officers and people; which vessels, being all of the same nation, were aiding and assisting each other in the trespasses, interruptions, and vexations aforesaid.

Now therefore, to the end that the said Henry Whitby may be brought to justice, and due punishment inflicted for the said murder, I do hereby especially enjoin and require all officers having authority, civil or military, and all other persons within the limits or jurisdiction of the United States, wheresoever the said Henry Whitby may be found, now or hereafter to apprehend and secure the said Henry Whitby, and him safely and diligently to deliver to the civil authority of the place, be to proceeded against according to law.

And I do hereby further require, that the said armed vessel the Leander, with her other officers and people, and the said armed vessels the Cambrian and Driver, their officers and people, immediately and without any delay, depart from the harbours and waters of the United States. And I do for ever interdict the entrance of all other vessels which shall be commanded by the said Henry Whitby, John Nairne, and Slingsby Simpson, or either of them.

And if the said vessels, or any of them, shall fail to depart as aforesaid, or shall re enter the harbours or waters aforesaid, I d in that case forbid all intercourse with th said armed vessels, the Leander, the Cam brian, and the Driver, or with any of them, the officers and crews thereof, and do prohibi all supplies and aid from being furnishe them or any of them. And I do declare an make known, that if any person, from within the jurisdictional limits of the Unite States, shall afford any aid to either of th said armed vessels, contrary to the prohibi tion contained in this Proclamation, either repairing such vessel, or in furnishing he her officers or crew, with supplies of an kind, or in any manner whatever; or if an pilot shall assist in navigating any of the sai armed vessels, unless it be for the purpose carrying them in the first instance beyond th limits and jurisdiction of the United States such person or persons shall, on conviction suffer all the pains and penalties by the law provided for such offences: and I do hereb enjoin and require all persons bearing offic civil or military, within the United States, an all others, citizens or inhabitants there or being within the same, with vigilance an promptitude to exert their respective author ties, and to be aiding and assisting to the ca rying this Proclamation and every part ther of into full effect.

In testimony whereof, I have caus the Seal of the United States, to b (L S) affixed to these presents, and sign the same with my hand.

Given at the City of Washington, th third day of May, in the year of o Lord one thousand eight hundred an six, and of the sovereignty and ind pendence of the United States the thi tieth.

(Signed) TH: JEFFERSON.

BY THE PRESIDENT.

JAMES MADISON,
Secretary of State.

NEW-YORK, May 3.—Arrived, yesterd morning, the pilot-boat Patriot, Captain I graham, who was dispatched on Saturd evening last, in pursuit of the vessels whi had been captured within our jurisdiction a sent to Halifax. Capt. Ingraham proceed about 160 miles beyond St. George's Ba and returned without discovering either the vessels.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GALLIO LUSSIMDAW's last communicat is intended for our next. We do not obj to the subject of his first piece, but we pr plain prose to hobbling poetry.

SAY's production we are sorry to *say* not sufficient merit for insertion.

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